DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

MARVEL COMICS

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STAN LEE PRESENTS...

DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR

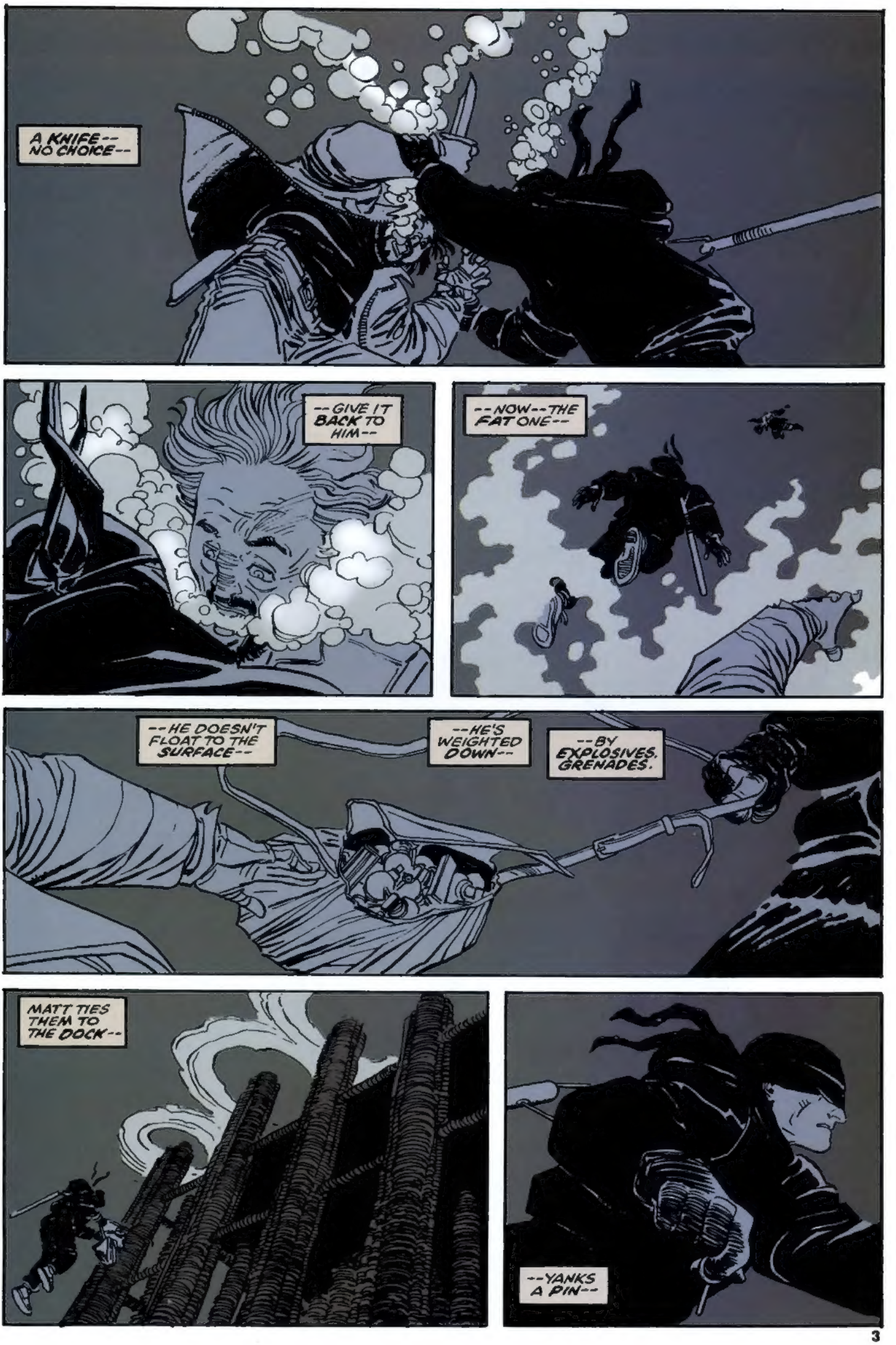
We've come to the eagerly awaited conclusion. However, we could not close without thanking the folks who helped make **DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR.** First and foremost, we'd like to thank **John Romita** for assisting us with format changes and art corrections–thanks, John, you've been a world of support! We'd also like to thank **Alison Gill, Christine Slusarz,** and **Phil Sheehy** for our manufacturing coordination. And a big round of applause for the whole creative crew to the left of this paragraph. Years of work went into making these issues, and these are the talents who are responsible for it all. Let's not forget **Stan Lee** and **Bill Everett** who created Matt Murdock and Co., and sent them on a thirty-year literary journey which looks boldly toward its 31st year! Lastly, we would like to thank the fans–new and old–who bore the heavy cover price, and followed our tale. We hope that every single person who picked up these issues has enjoyed reading them as much as we've enjoyed making them.

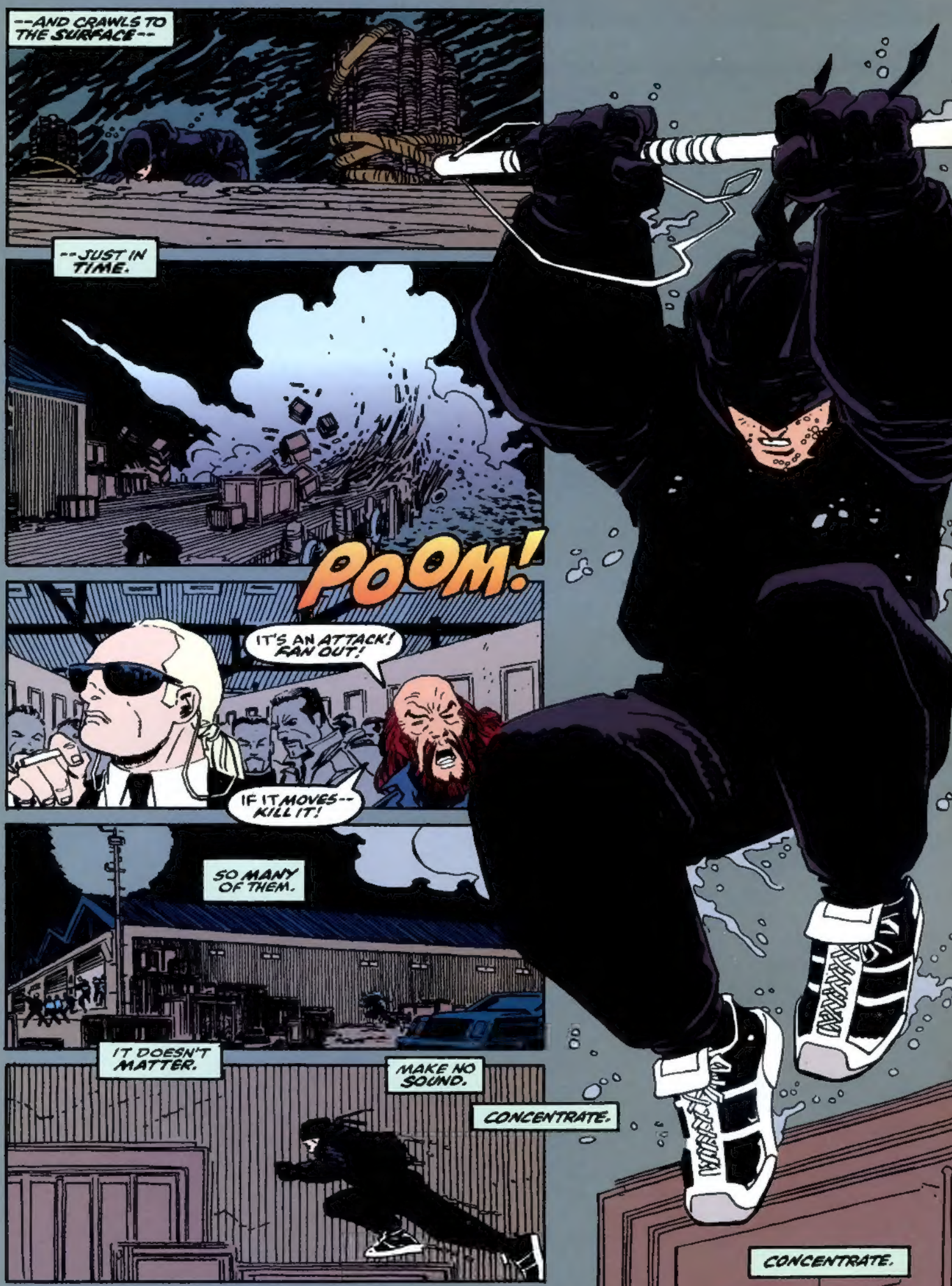
Ralph & Pat

WHAT HAS GONE ON BEFORE:

Matt Murdock has returned to New York City on legal business. He encounters a girl named Mickey at Fogwell's Gym and takes a fatherly interest in her welfare. She develops a crush on him. Mickey is kidnapped--victim of a child slavery ring controlled by the Kingpin of Crime. Matt learns of the abduction and tracks her to a West Side holding warehouse. Now, he prepares to make his move...

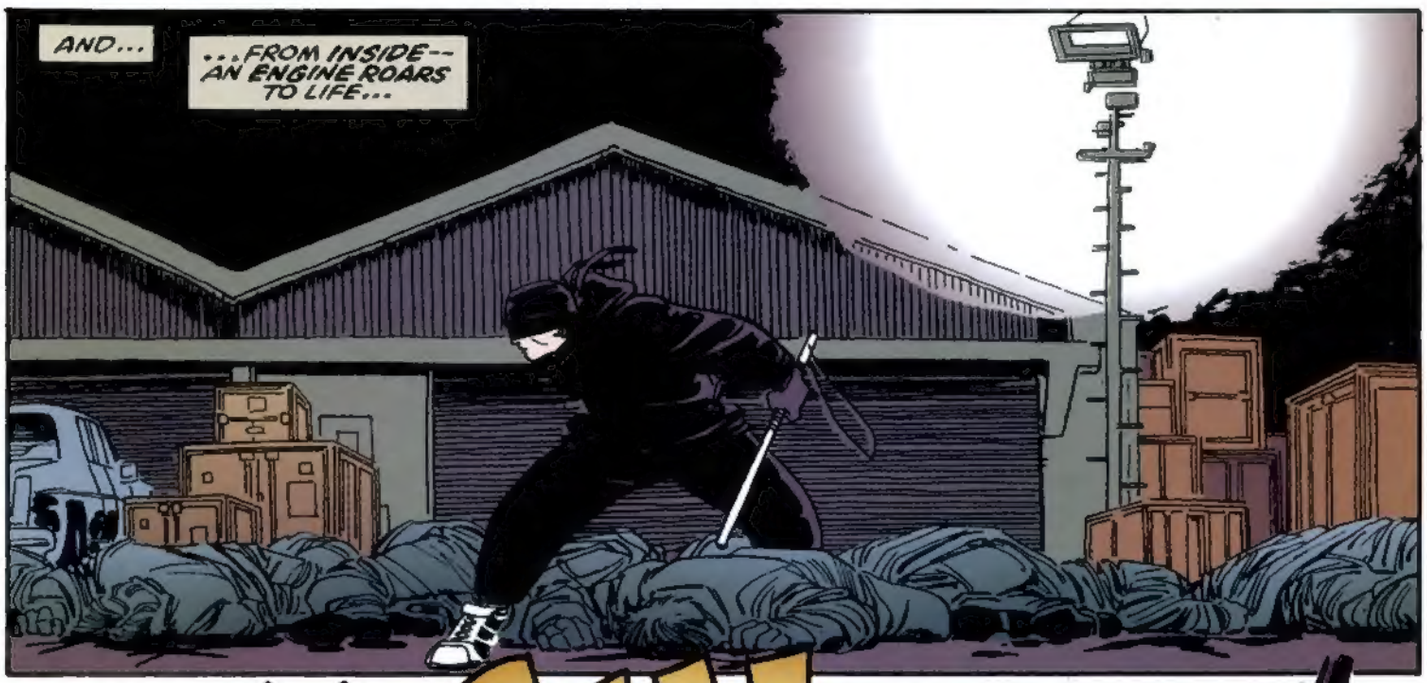
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING, MICK?
WHUFF
KREE
THIS ONE'S STRONG--
--THE OTHER IS FAT--
--HIS LUNGS FILL WITH WATER--
--HIS HEART DIES--

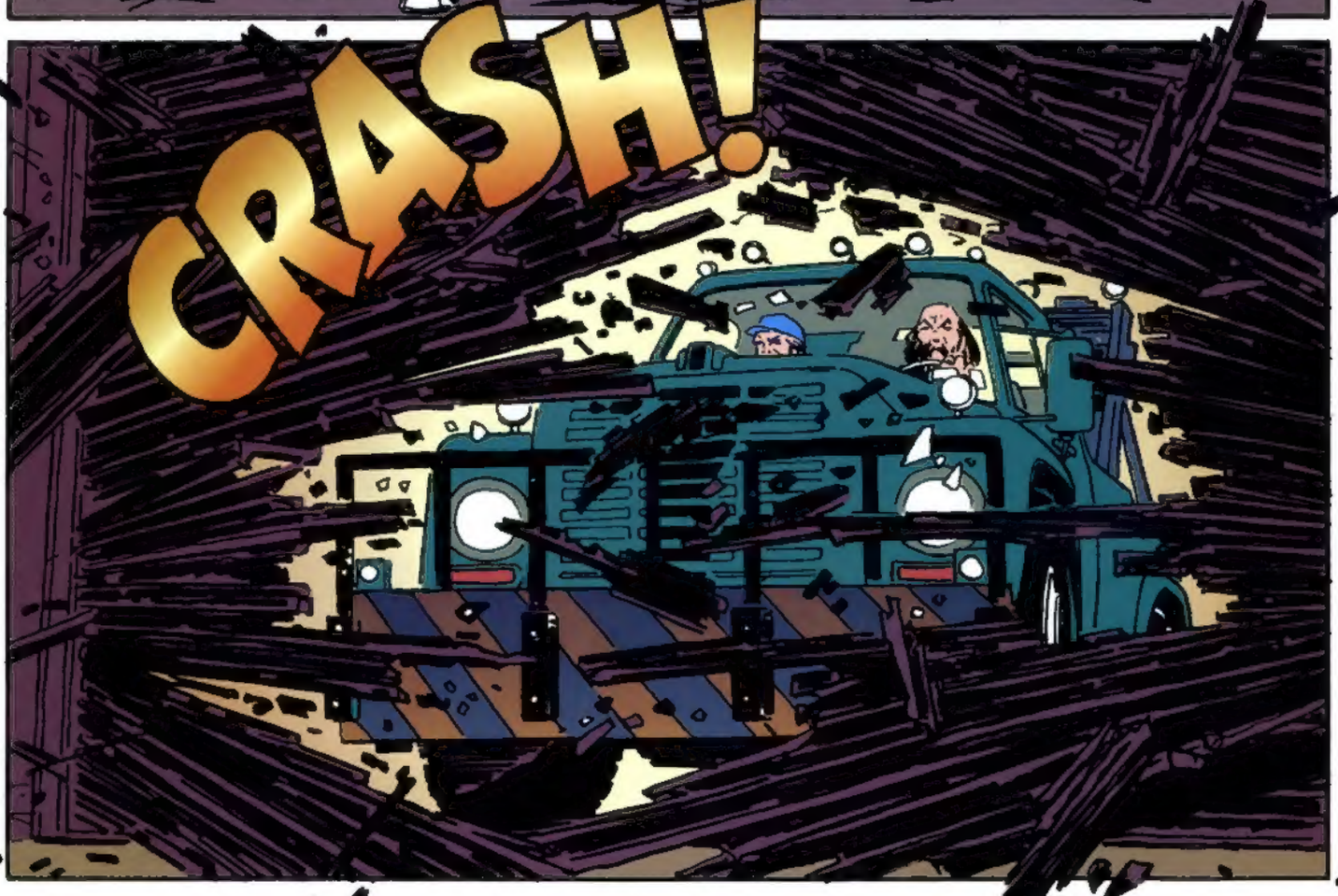

A KNIFE-- NO CHOICE--
--GIVE IT BACK TO HIM--
--NOW--THE FAT ONE--
--HE DOESN'T FLOAT TO THE SURFACE--
--HE'S WEIGHTED DOWN--
--BY EXPLOSIVES, GRENADES.
MATT TIES THEM TO THE DOCK--
--YANKS A PIN--


--AND CRAWLS TO THE SURFACE--
--JUST IN TIME.
POOM!
IT'S AN ATTACK! FAN OUT!
IF IT MOVES-- KILL IT!
SO MANY OF THEM.
IT DOESN'T MATTER.
MAKE NO SOUND.
CONCENTRATE.
CONCENTRATE.

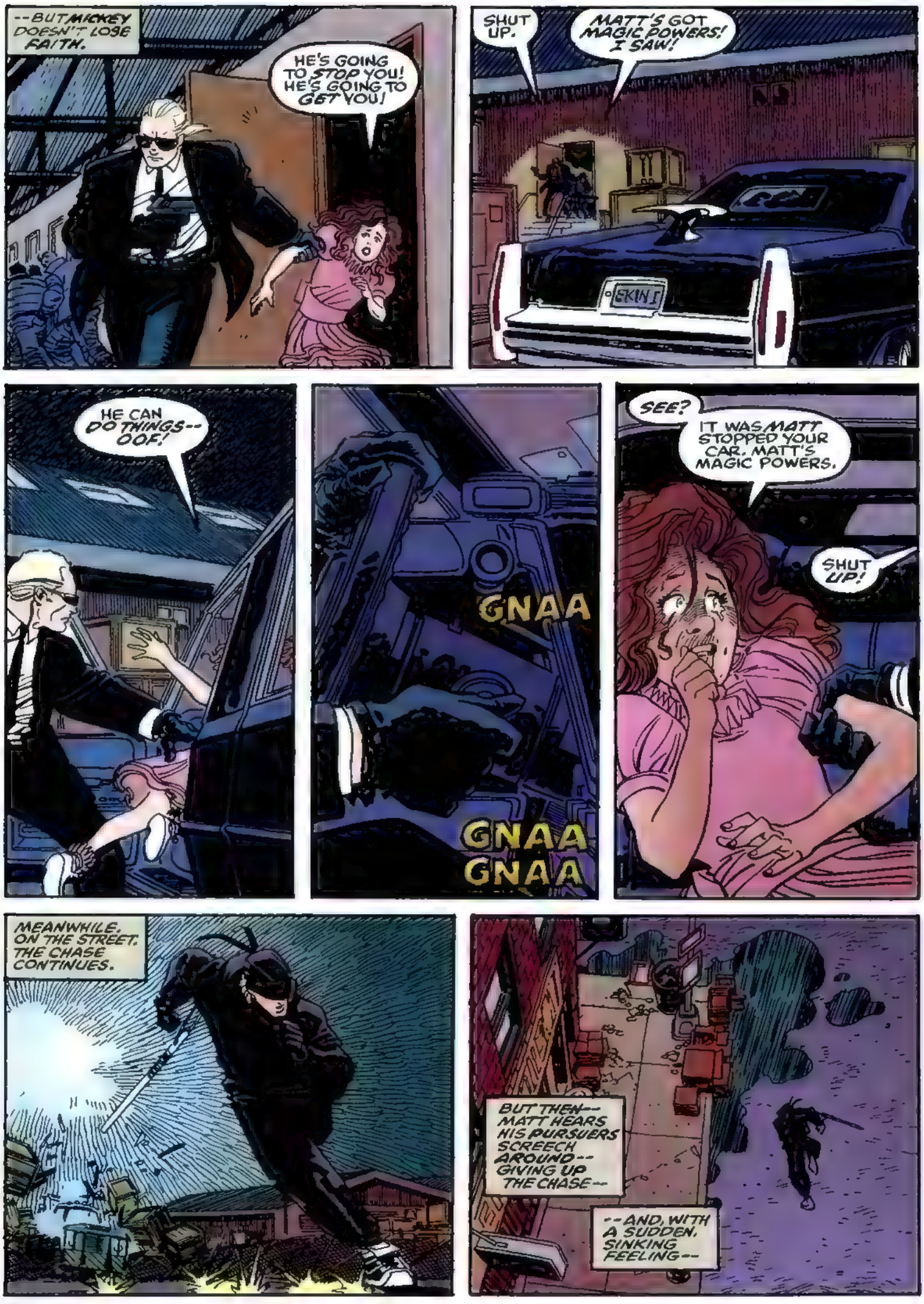
KUKK
WHUK
KONK
WHUD
CHUK
CHAK
CHAK

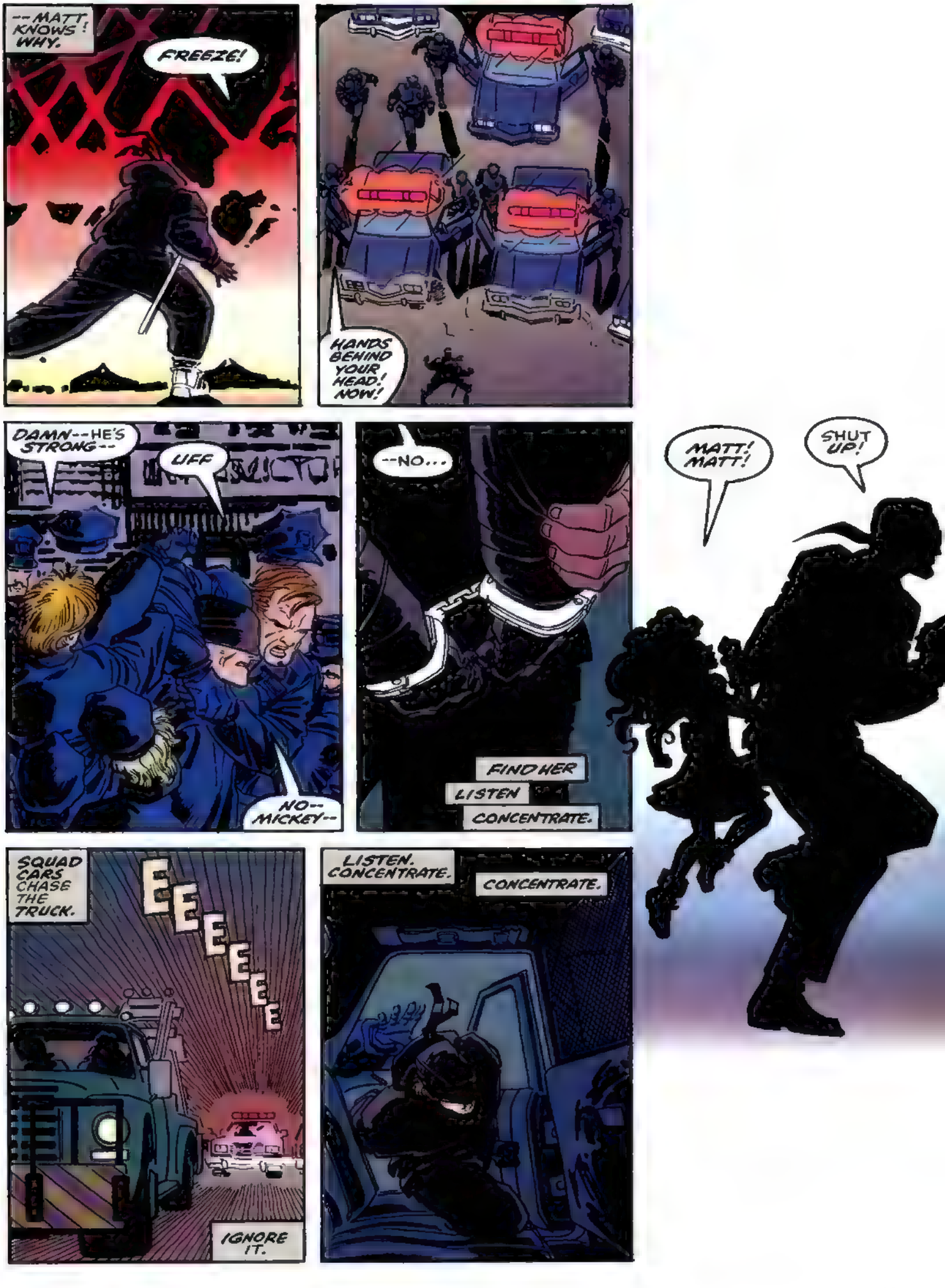
AND THE WHIRLWIND STOPS.
THERE'S NOBODY LEFT TO HIT.
BE SURE. SCAN CAREFULLY.
ONLY THE SHALLOW BREATHING OF THE UNCONSCIOUS.
THE LOW MOANS OF THE HELPLESS.


AND...
...FROM INSIDE-- AN ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE...

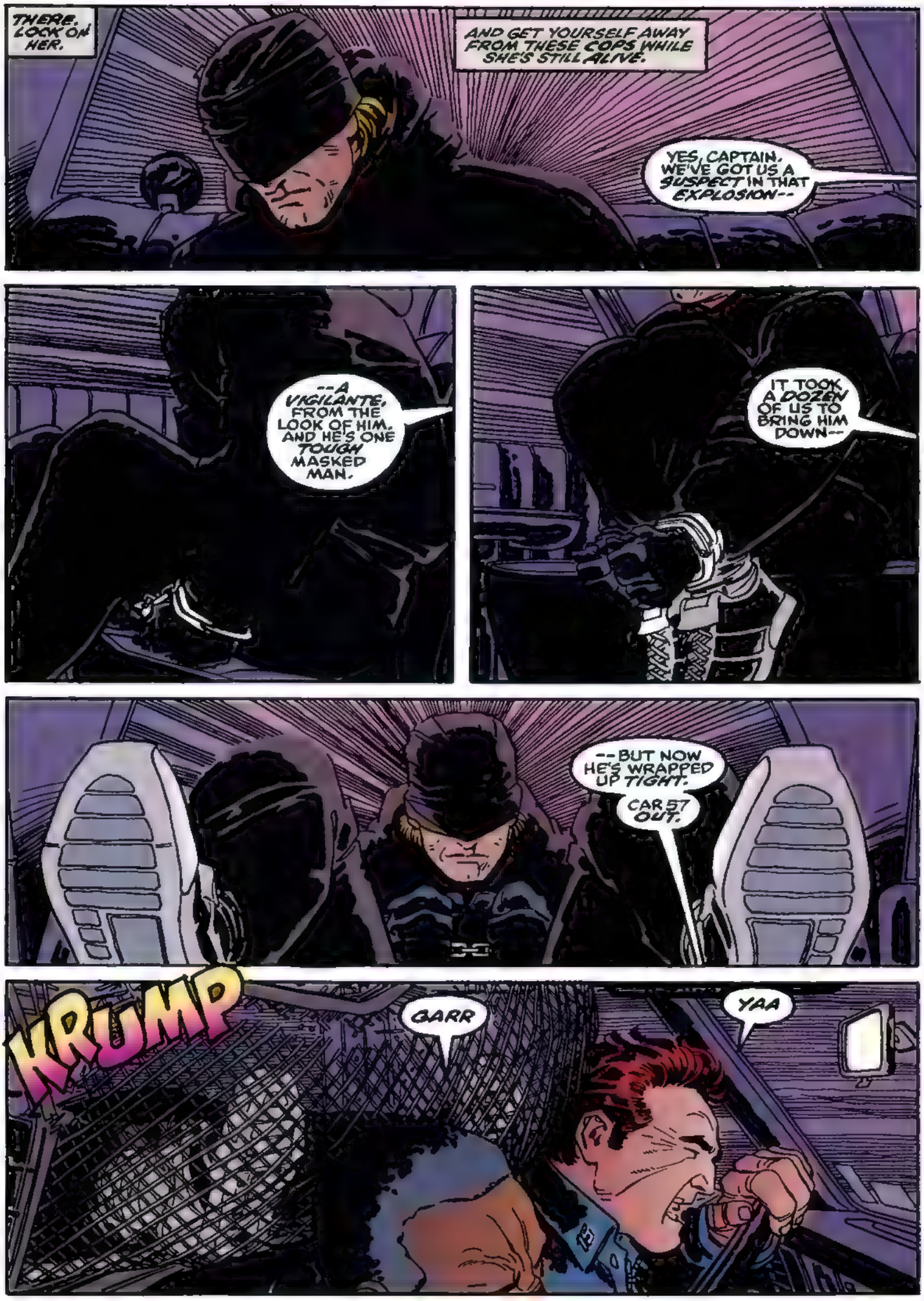

CRASH!

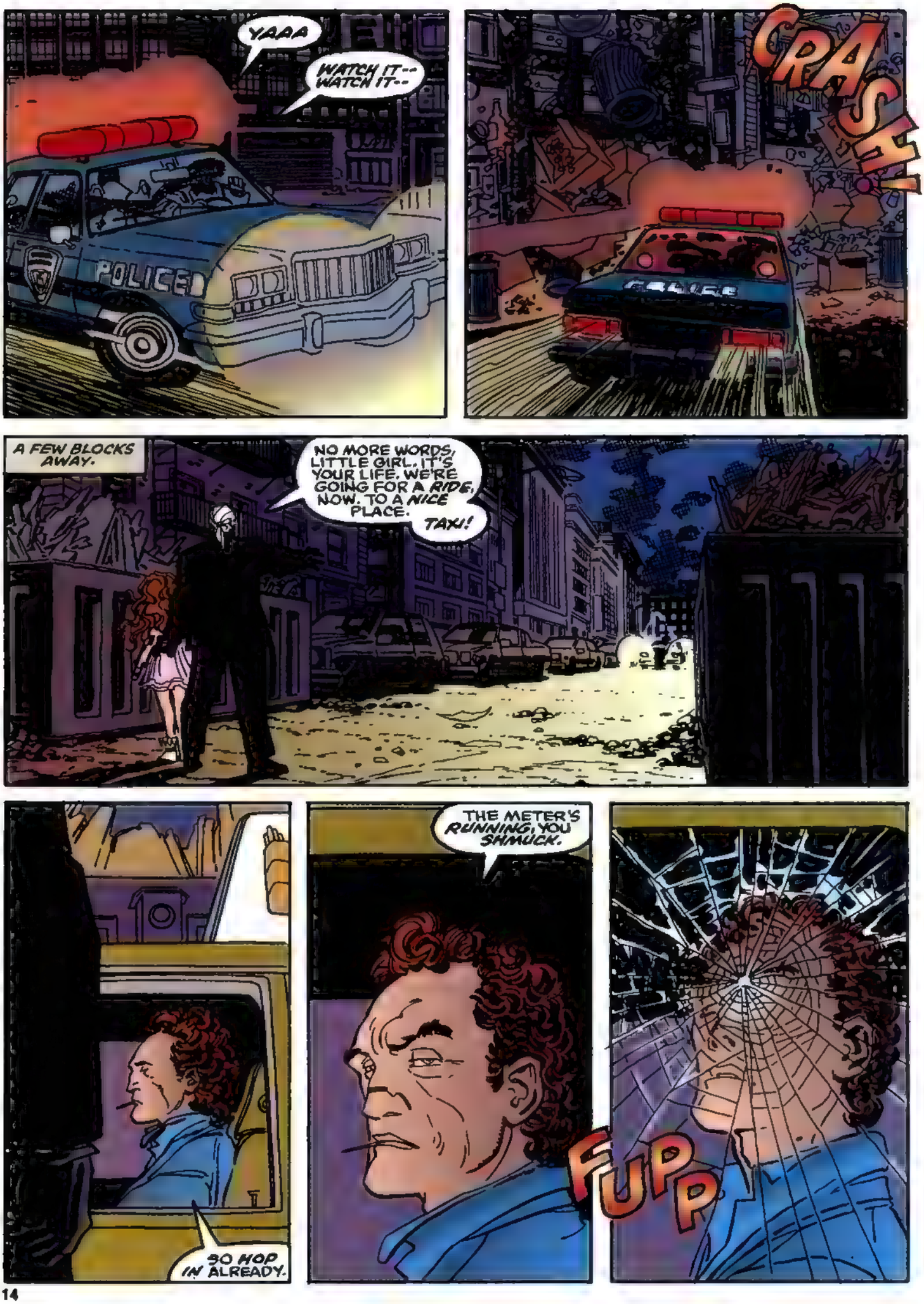
BRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKABRAKABRAKA
BRAKA
BRAKA
IN ALL OF THIS--
--MATT LOSES TRACK OF MICKEY--

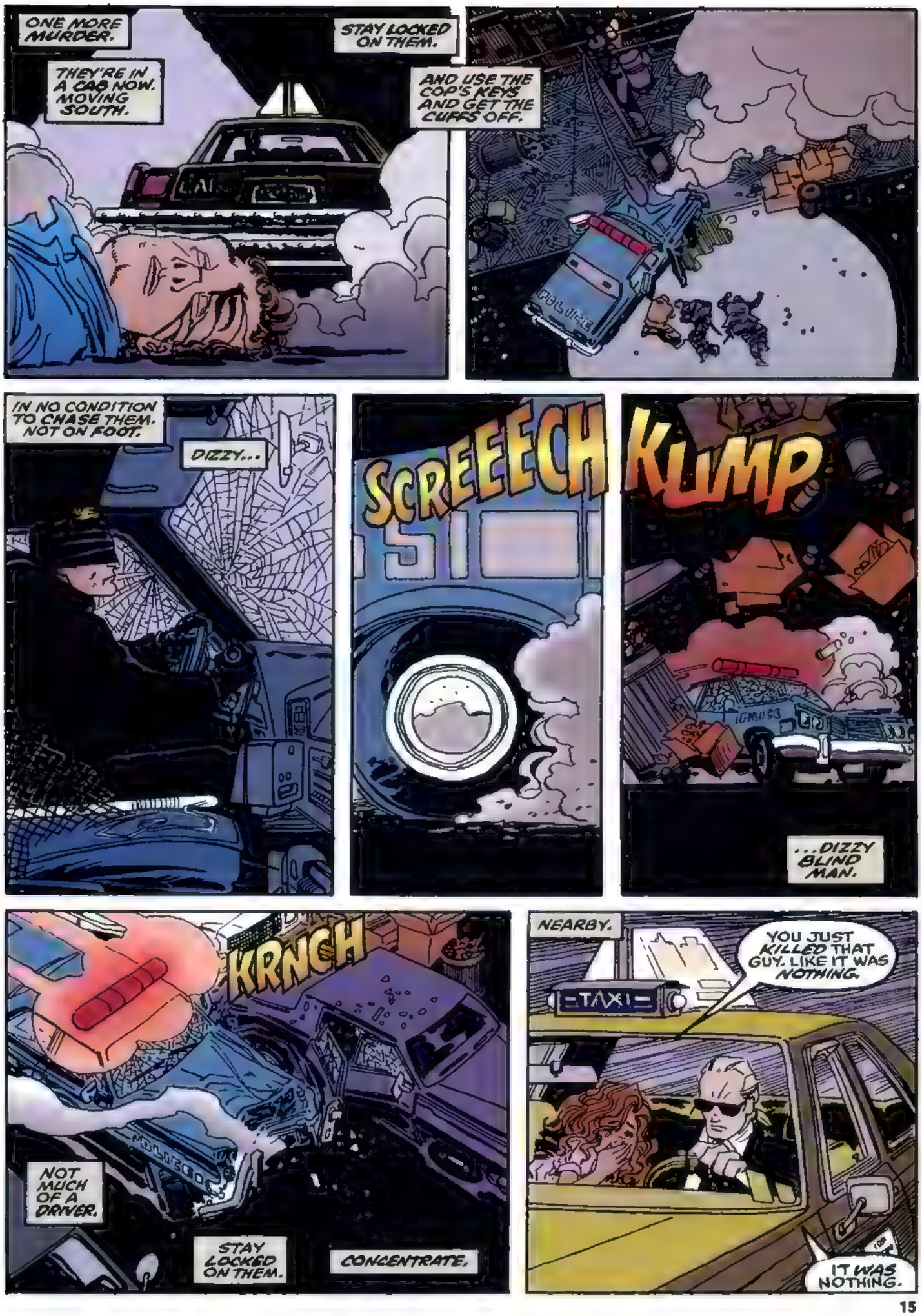

--BUT MICKEY DOESN'T LOSE FAITH.
HE'S GOING TO STOP YOU! HE'S GOING TO GET YOU!
SHUT UP.
MATT'S GOT MAGIC POWERS! I SAW!
HE CAN DO THINGS-- OOF!
GNAA
GNAA
GNAA
SEE?
IT WAS MATT. STOPPED YOUR CAR. MATT'S MAGIC POWERS.
SHUT UP!
MEANWHILE, ON THE STREET, THE CHASE CONTINUES.
BUT THEN-- MATT HEARS HIS PURSUERS SCREECH AROUND-- GIVING UP THE CHASE--
--AND, WITH A SUDDEN, SINKING FEELING--

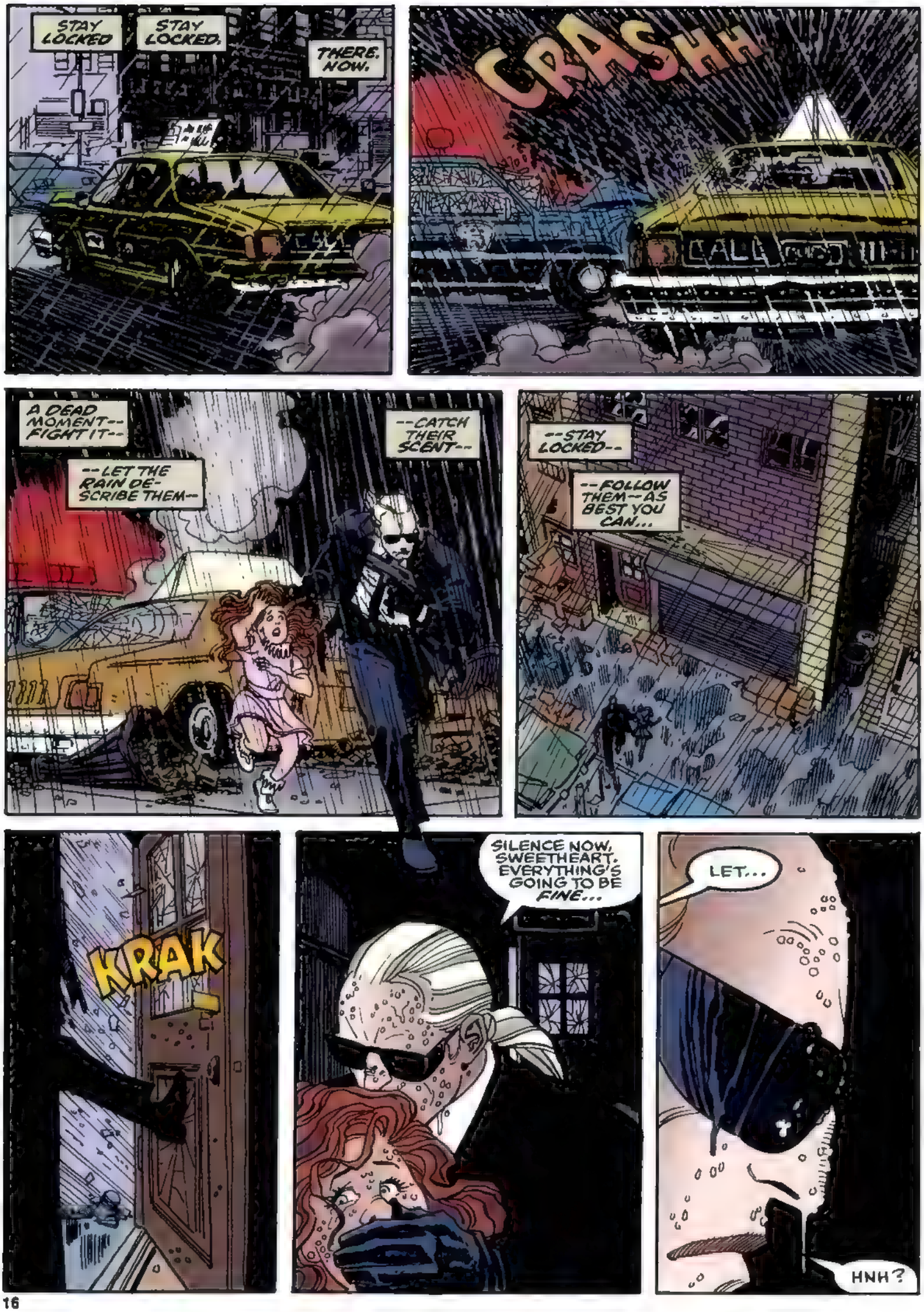

--MATT KNOWS! WHY.
FREEZE!
HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEAD! NOW!
DAMN--HE'S STRONG--
UFF
NO-- MICKEY--
--NO...
FIND HER
LISTEN
CONCENTRATE.
MATT! MATT!
SHUT UP!
SQUAD CARS CHASE THE TRUCK.
EEEEEEEE
IGNORE IT.
LISTEN. CONCENTRATE.
CONCENTRATE.

MAT!


THERE. LOCK ON HER.
AND GET YOURSELF AWAY FROM THESE COPS WHILE SHE'S STILL ALIVE.
YES, CAPTAIN. WE'VE GOT US A SUSPECT IN THAT EXPLOSION--
--A VIGILANTE, FROM THE LOOK OF HIM. AND HE'S ONE TOUGH MASKED MAN.
IT TOOK A DOZEN OF US TO BRING HIM DOWN--
--BUT NOW HE'S WRAPPED UP TIGHT.
CAR 57 OUT.
KRUMP
GARR
YAA

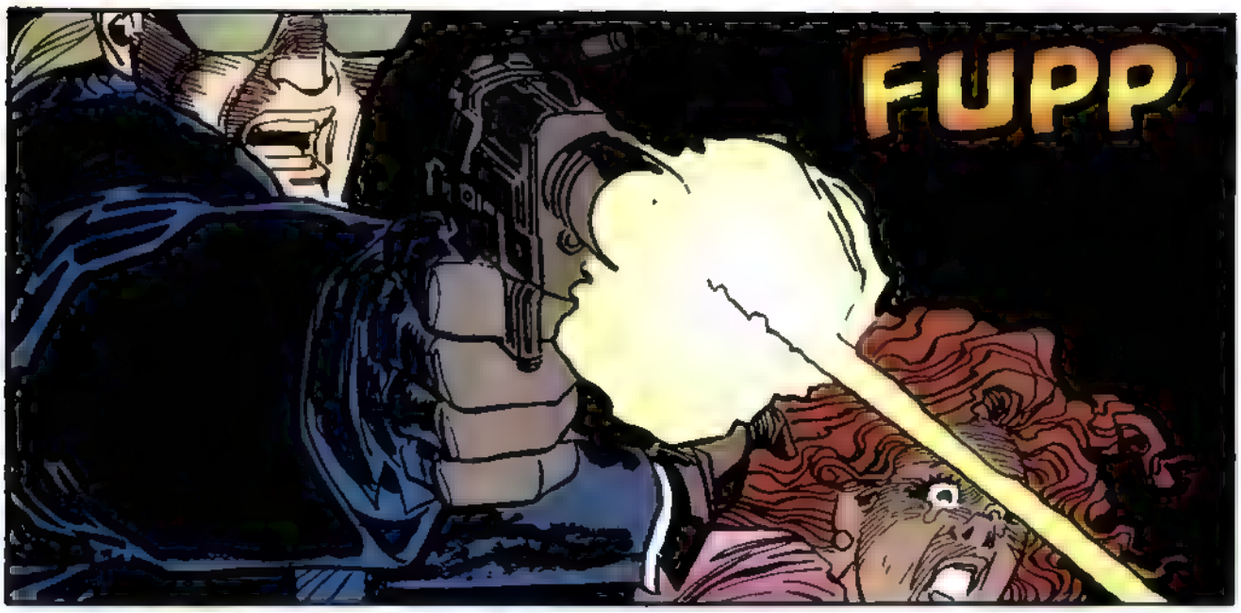

YAAA
WATCH IT-- WATCH IT--
POLICE
CRASH!
POLICE
A FEW BLOCKS AWAY.
NO MORE WORDS, LITTLE GIRL. IT'S YOUR LIFE. WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE, NOW. TO A NICE PLACE.
TAXI!
SO HOP IN ALREADY.
THE METER'S RUNNING, YOU SHMUCK.
FUPP


ONE MORE MURDER.
THEY'RE IN A CAB NOW. MOVING SOUTH.
STAY LOCKED ON THEM.
AND USE THE COP'S KEYS AND GET THE CUFFS OFF.
IN NO CONDITION TO CHASE THEM. NOT ON FOOT.
DIZZY...
SCREEECH
KLUMP
...DIZZY BLIND MAN.
KRNCH
NOT MUCH OF A DRIVER.
STAY LOCKED ON THEM.
CONCENTRATE.
NEARBY.
TAXI
YOU JUST KILLED THAT GUY. LIKE IT WAS NOTHING.
IT WAS NOTHING.

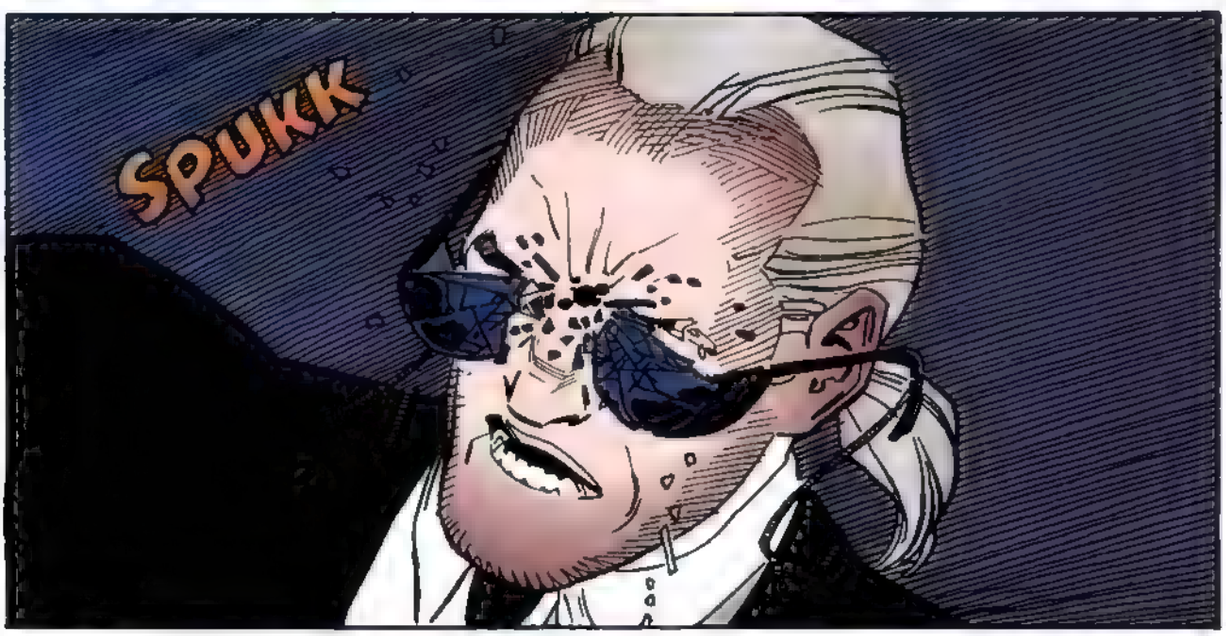

STAY LOCKED
STAY LOCKED.
THERE. NOW.
CRASH!!
A DEAD MOMENT-- FIGHT IT--
--LET THE RAIN DE-SCRIBE THEM--
--CATCH THEIR SCENT--
--STAY LOCKED--
--FOLLOW THEM--AS BEST YOU CAN...
KRAK
SILENCE NOW, SWEETHEART. EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE FINE...
LET...
HNH?

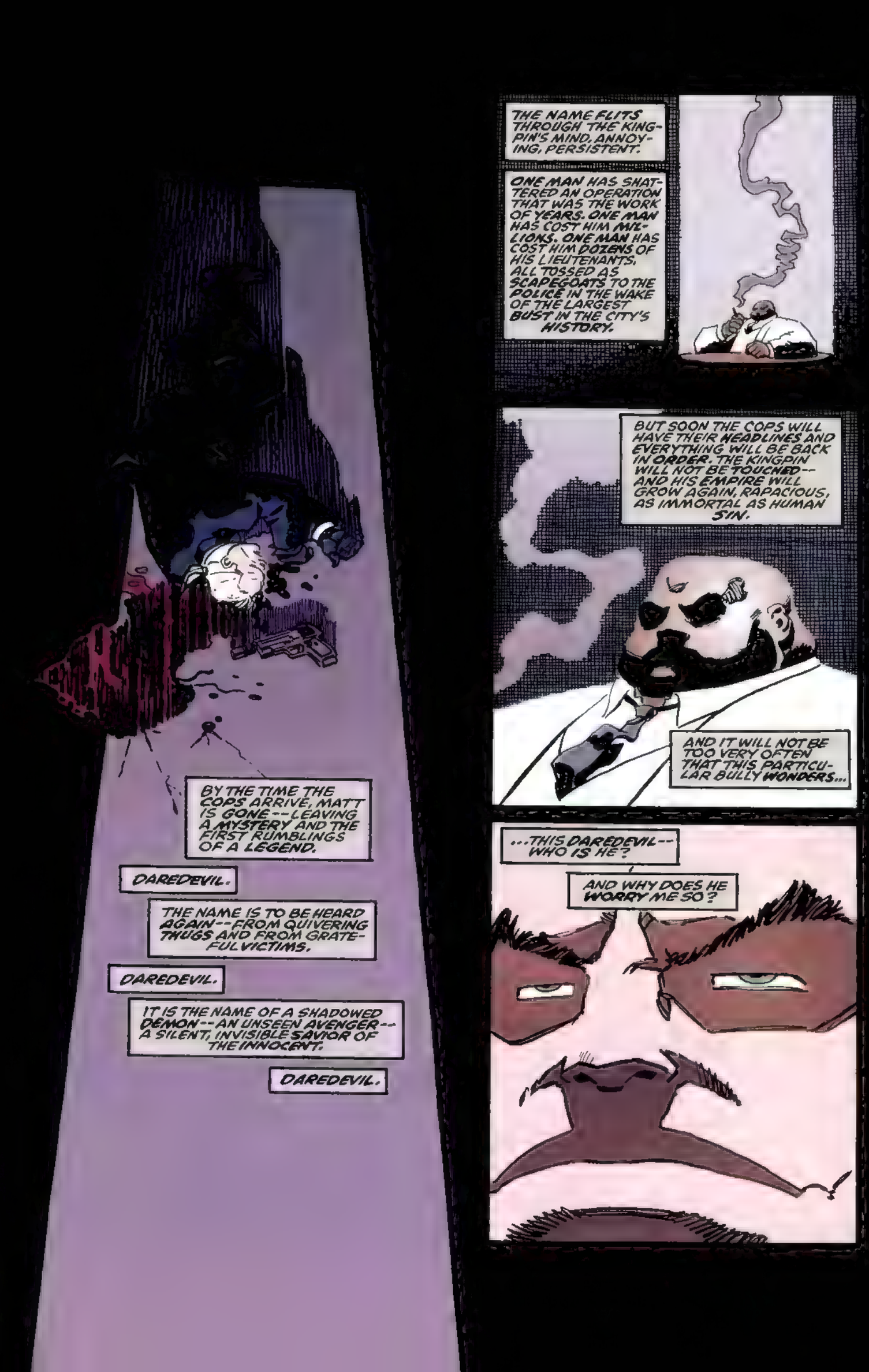
...LET HER GO. I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. LET HER GO.
BACK OFF, MAN. I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOT THE GUN!
I SAID BACK OFF!
I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. LET HER GO.
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!
FUPP
SPUKK
I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. LET HER GO.

FUPP
KRAK
SPAK
DAMN. WHO THE DEVIL *ARE* YOU?
CALL ME *DAREDEVIL*.
DAREDEVIL, SURE. WHATEVER.
YOU'RE *DEAD*, DAREDEVIL.
PLEASE. I'M BEGGING YOU. I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. LET HER GO.
I DON'T WANT TO KILL YOU. LET HER GO.

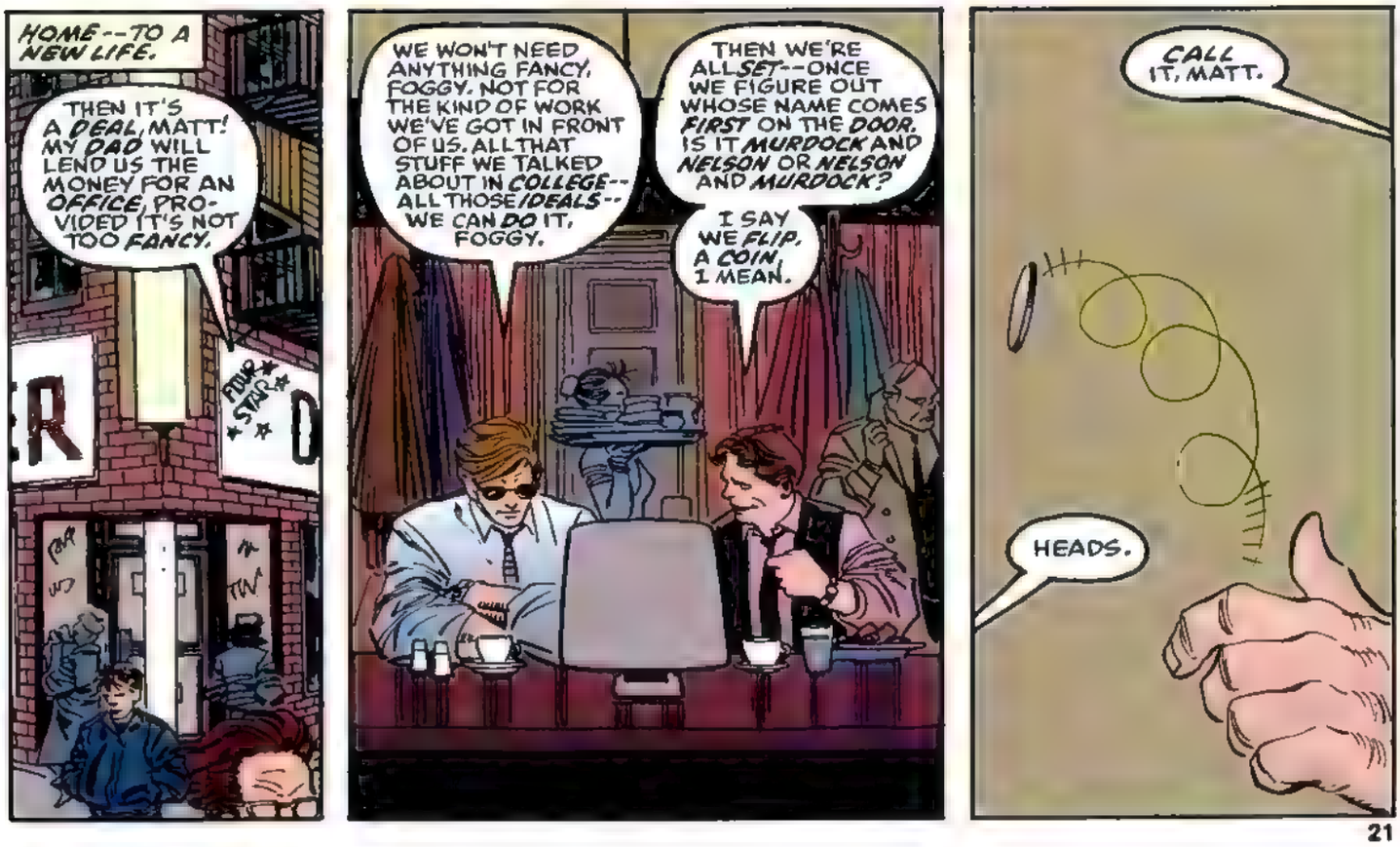

FUPP

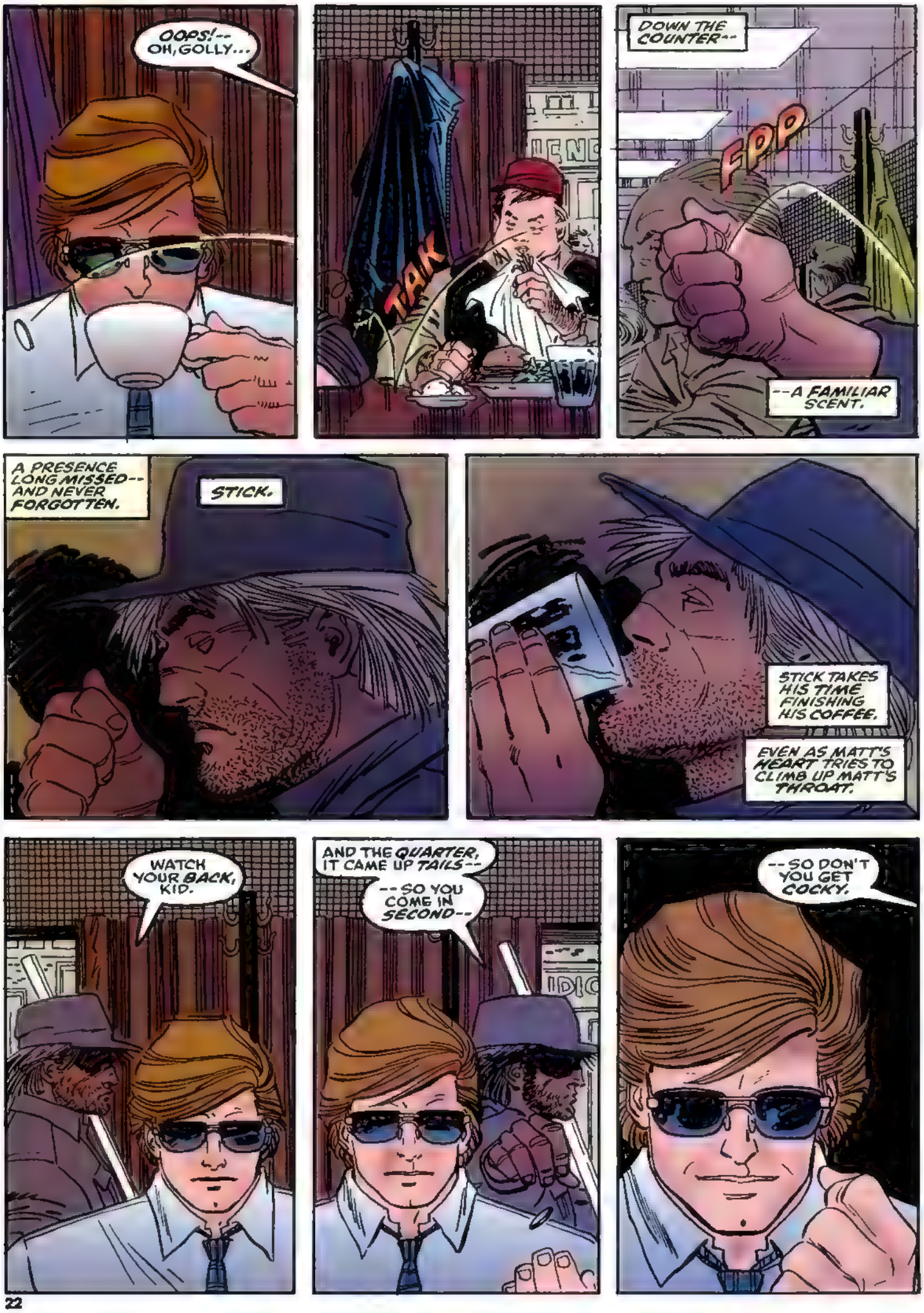
KRAKK

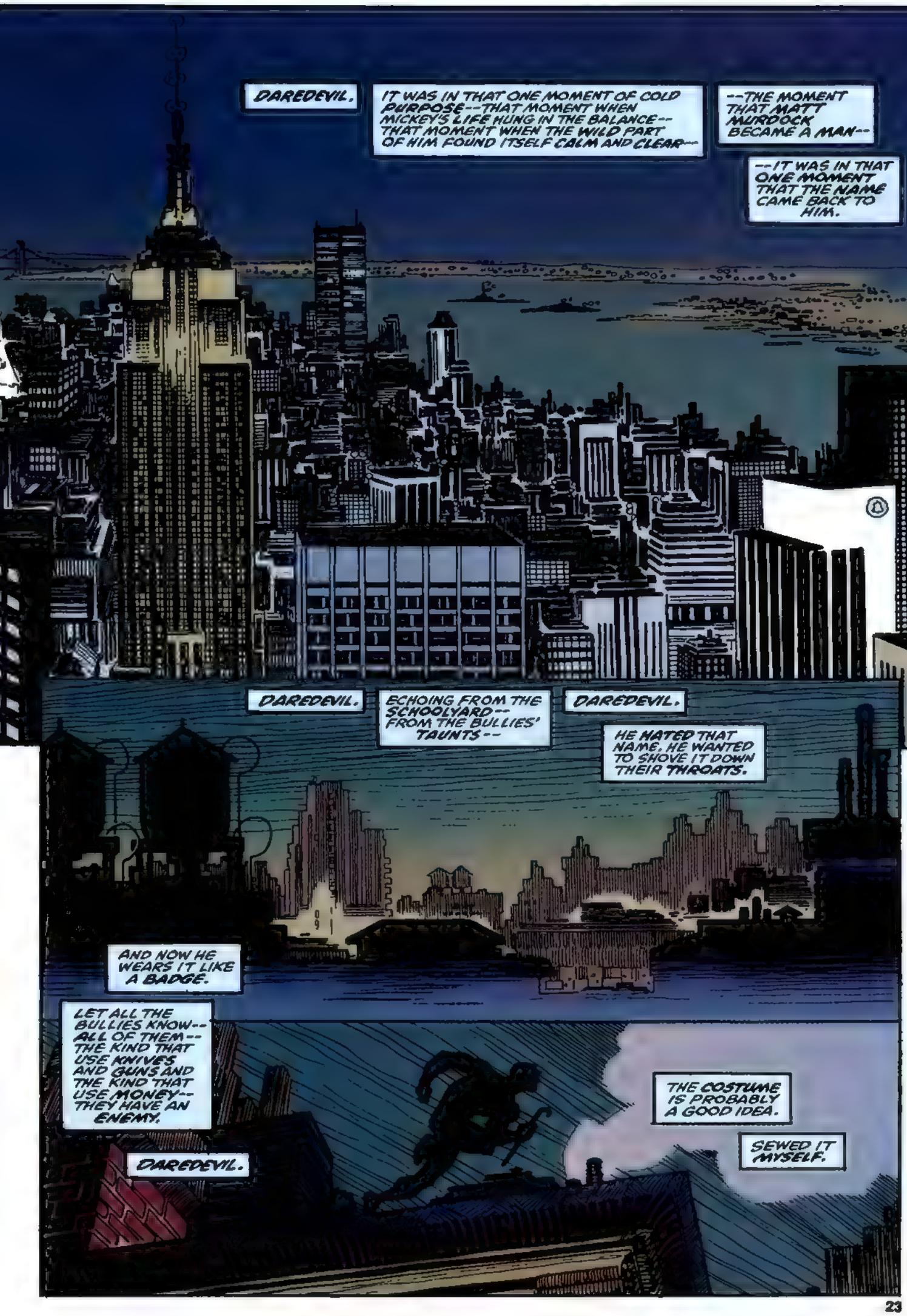

SPUKK


BY THE TIME THE COPS ARRIVE, MATT IS GONE--LEAVING A MYSTERY AND THE FIRST RUMBLINGS OF A LEGEND.
DAREDEVIL.
THE NAME IS TO BE HEARD AGAIN--FROM QUIVERING THUGS AND FROM GRATEFUL VICTIMS.
DAREDEVIL.
IT IS THE NAME OF A SHADOWED DEMON--AN UNSEEN AVENGER--A SILENT, INVISIBLE SAVIOR OF THE INNOCENT.
DAREDEVIL.
THE NAME FLITS THROUGH THE KINGPIN'S MIND, ANNOYING, PERSISTENT.
ONE MAN HAS SHATTERED AN OPERATION THAT WAS THE WORK OF YEARS. ONE MAN HAS COST HIM MILLIONS. ONE MAN HAS COST HIM DOZENS OF HIS LIEUTENANTS, ALL TOSSED AS SCAPEGOATS TO THE POLICE IN THE WAKE OF THE LARGEST BUST IN THE CITY'S HISTORY.
BUT SOON THE COPS WILL HAVE THEIR HEADLINES AND EVERYTHING WILL BE BACK IN ORDER. THE KINGPIN WILL NOT BE TOUCHED--AND HIS EMPIRE WILL GROW AGAIN, RAPACIOUS, AS IMMORTAL AS HUMAN SIN.
AND IT WILL NOT BE TOO VERY OFTEN THAT THIS PARTICULAR BULLY WONDERS...
...THIS DAREDEVIL--WHO IS HE?
AND WHY DOES HE WORRY ME SO?

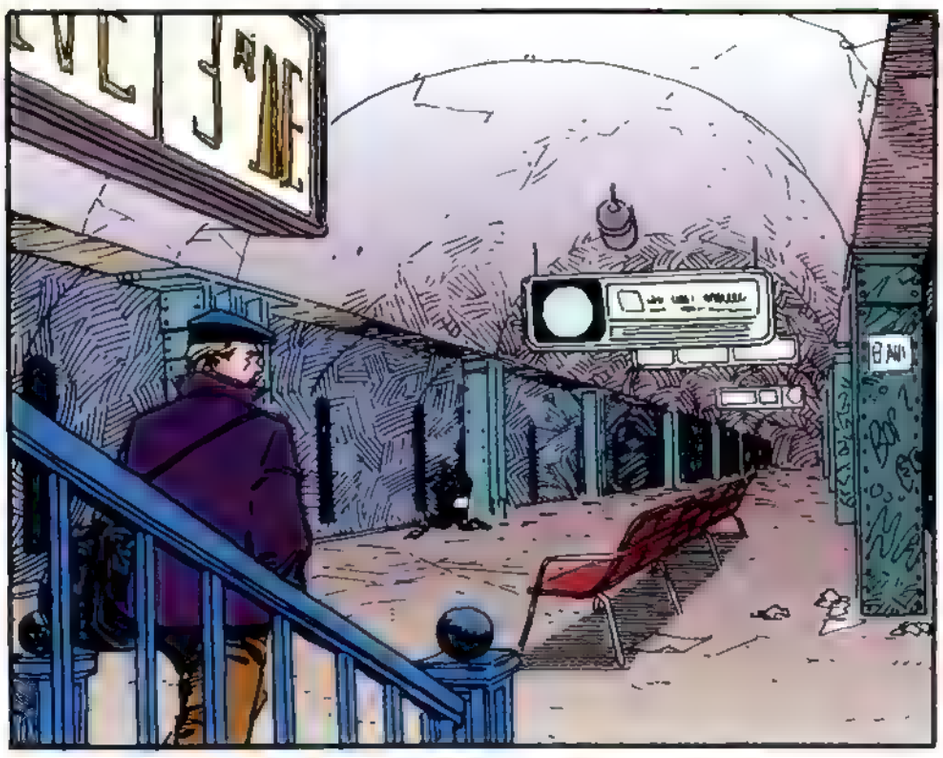
MATT MURDOCK SITS IN THE RAIN AND LAUGHS.
HIS DAY BEGAN WITH A RINGING PHONE AND AN ANGRY VOICE.
IT WAS HIS BOSS. FROM BOSTON. TELLING HIM HE'S FIRED.
THAT WAS WHEN MATT STARTED LAUGHING. IT MADE HIS BOSS SO FURIOUS HE HUNG UP ON MATT. BUT STILL MATT COULDN'T STOP LAUGHING.
BOSTON.
MATT COULDN'T LEAVE NEW YORK NOW IF HE WANTED TO.
THE BOY FROM HELL'S KITCHEN HAS COME HOME.

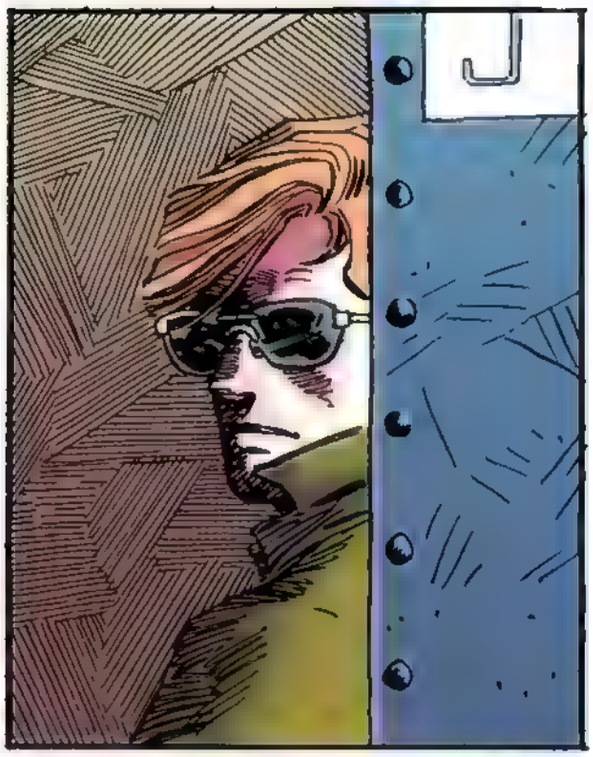

HOME--TO A NEW LIFE.
THEN IT'S A DEAL, MATT! MY DAD WILL LEND US THE MONEY FOR AN OFFICE, PROVIDED IT'S NOT TOO FANCY.
FOUR STAR
WE WON'T NEED ANYTHING FANCY, FOGGY. NOT FOR THE KIND OF WORK WE'VE GOT IN FRONT OF US. ALL THAT STUFF WE TALKED ABOUT IN COLLEGE--ALL THOSE IDEALS--WE CAN DO IT, FOGGY.
THEN WE'RE ALL SET--ONCE WE FIGURE OUT WHOSE NAME COMES FIRST ON THE DOOR. IS IT MURDOCK AND NELSON OR NELSON AND MURDOCK?
I SAY WE FLIP A COIN. I MEAN.
CALL IT, MATT.
HEADS.


OOPS!-- OH, GOLLY...
TAK
DOWN THE COUNTER--
FPP
--A FAMILIAR SCENT.
A PRESENCE LONG MISSED-- AND NEVER FORGOTTEN.
STICK.
STICK TAKES HIS TIME FINISHING HIS COFFEE.
EVEN AS MATT'S HEART TRIES TO CLIMB UP MATT'S THROAT.
WATCH YOUR BACK, KID.
AND THE QUARTER, IT CAME UP TAILS--
--SO YOU COME IN SECOND--
--SO DON'T YOU GET COCKY.


DAREDEVIL.
IT WAS IN THAT ONE MOMENT OF COLD PURPOSE--THAT MOMENT WHEN MICKEY'S LIFE HUNG IN THE BALANCE--THAT MOMENT WHEN THE WILD PART OF HIM FOUND ITSELF CALM AND CLEAR--
--THE MOMENT THAT MATT MURDOCK BECAME A MAN--
--IT WAS IN THAT ONE MOMENT THAT THE NAME CAME BACK TO HIM.
DAREDEVIL.
ECHOING FROM THE SCHOOLYARD--FROM THE BULLIES' TAUNTS--
DAREDEVIL.
HE HATED THAT NAME. HE WANTED TO SHOVE IT DOWN THEIR THROATS.
AND NOW HE WEARS IT LIKE A BADGE.
LET ALL THE BULLIES KNOW--ALL OF THEM--THE KIND THAT USE KNIVES AND GUNS AND THE KIND THAT USE MONEY--THEY HAVE AN ENEMY.
DAREDEVIL.
THE COSTUME IS PROBABLY A GOOD IDEA.
SEWED IT MYSELF.

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE.
APPLE MOVERS
723-3933





It's no secret. DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR was supposed to have been published as a graphic novel. When John and I sat down over the phone and broke up the story into five volumes, we knew we'd have pages to fill.

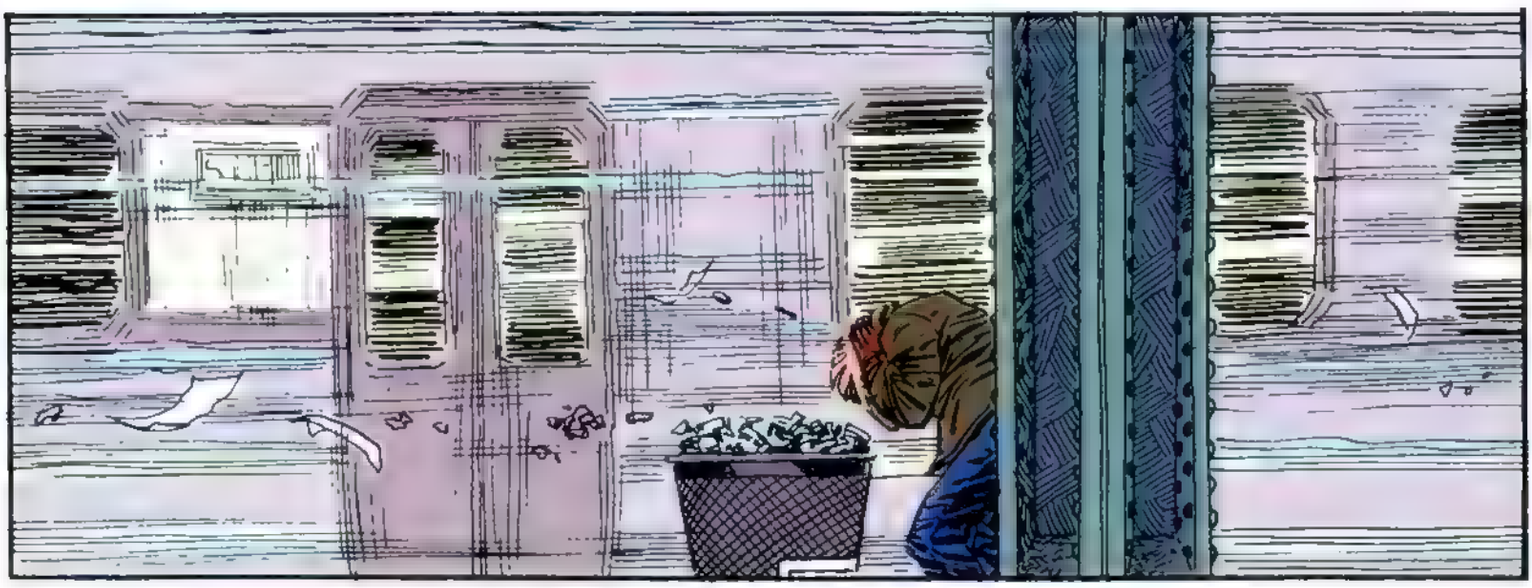
My first reaction was, "Uh, John, don't we have extra art, um, ya know, uh... lying around or something?"

Yeah, a whole two pages! Two beautiful pages of Matt chasing Mickey's father and her kidnapper around New York City taken from issue #4.

And then... I had JR redo the cover to issue #4–ouch! Add one more page of art to our filler material. That's three... wait-a-minute--just how were we ever going to fill ten comic book pages (between issues #4 and #5) with material that fans would want to see and read?

Well, last issue you heard from Frank. This issue it's JR's turn. He's got a story to tell, and we've decided it's gonna be illustrated with "The Lost Pages" courtesy of JR JR, Al Williamson, and Christie Scheele. Have fun. We did!

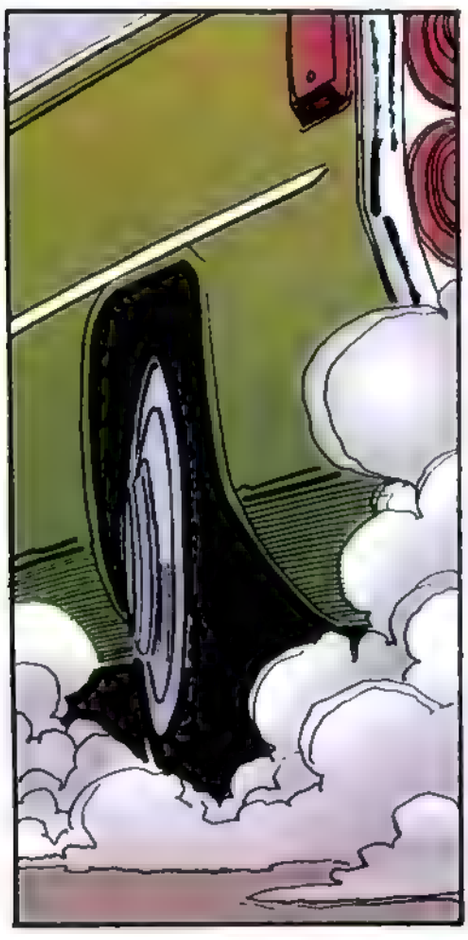
(Frank, please excuse Johnny's artistic license and vernacular!)



CIRCA 1987

"Frank?"
"Yeah."
"John Jr."
"Hey--how's it goin'?"
"Great--how 'bout you?"
"Great, but busy as hell!"
"Yeah, I know--you superstars."
"Hah--what's up?"
"Well, I was wondering if you wanted to get together on a job?"
"I've got a ton of stuff on my desk, but what didja have in mind?"
"Actually, I'm embarrassed to say, I'd like to make as much money as humanly possible and retire to the south of France--so how's 'bout a Wolvy graphic novel or something?"
"South of France sounds good, but everyone's doing a Wolverine project lately--there's gotta be five or six slated for next year."

"Yeah?"
"Yeah."
"Well, I'd still like to work on something with you--something big--y'know something that kicks a**!"
"Yeah, me too, but umm... HEY, wait a minute! I've got an idea--there's this Daredevil story that I have--it was supposed to have been a movie treatment, but it never happened. It's kind of a 'DAREDEVIL YEAR-ONE' type of thing--would you be interested in something like that?"
"Yeah--sure. I've been doing DD for a while."
"I know--this could be great if I can get it worked into a plot form--let me get back to you."
"Sure, see ya."
"Okay, bye."

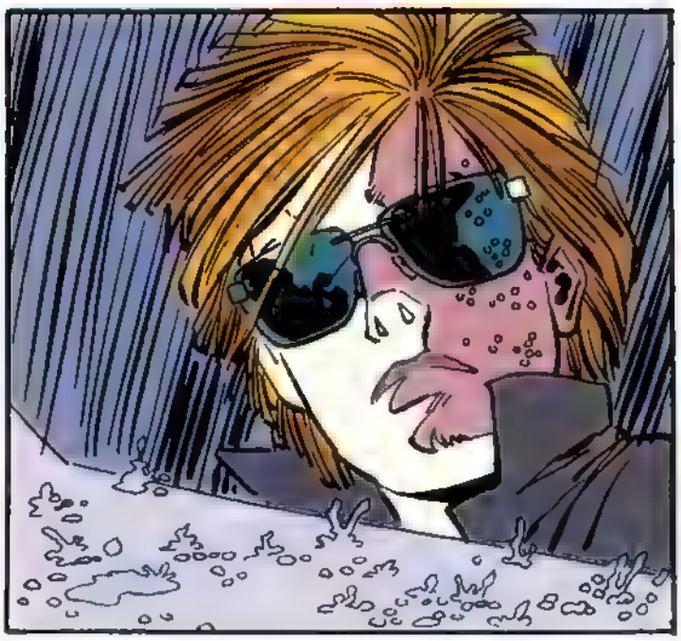


"Johnny?"
"Yup."
"Frank."
"Hey, what's up?"
"I think I've got this thing ready to go. I'm gonna send it to Ralf, see what he sez, and we'll go from there!"
"Great--I already spoke to Ralf 'bout it and he's as excited 'bout it as I am."
"Great--I'll talk to you soon."
"Okay, thanks, see ya."
"Bye."

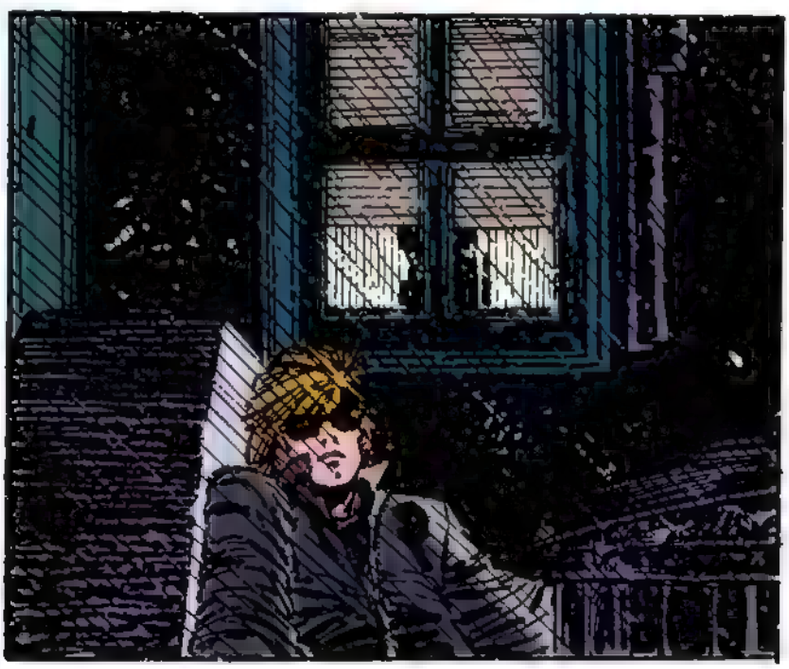
"Ralf?"
"Yo."
"John Jr."
"Heeeeey, Johnny, how're you doin', how's it..."
"RALF, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOIN'! I'M DYIN' OVER HERE! GET ME THAT PLOT OR I'LL BLOW UP YOUR HOUSE!!!"
"Easy, John, I've got to get this thing right. There's a lot of stuff here and it's got to be true to the character--you know, it was a movie treatment so there are a couple of 'adjustments'."
"A couple? This'll be the fourth version--if you tick Frank off and jeopardize this job I'll blow up your house!"
"You already said that."
"Okay, got any relatives with houses?"
"Yeah, lots."
"I'll blow up their houses too!"
"Okay, okay, it's on the way!"
"Great, Ralf, have a nice day."
"Nice day? Does that mean no bombs?"
"I dunno, make me rich, and I'll forget it!"
"Gotcha, bye."
"See ya!"

"Frank--John Jr."
"Hey."
"I read it--I love it--I'm gonna start on it like... yesterday."
"Great, listen, I'll clear my desk of some of these projects, and by that time you'll be done, and I'll script it, and it'll be fantastic!"
"Sure--sixty-four pages--six months--start to finish."
"Yeah!"
"See ya."
"Right, bye."

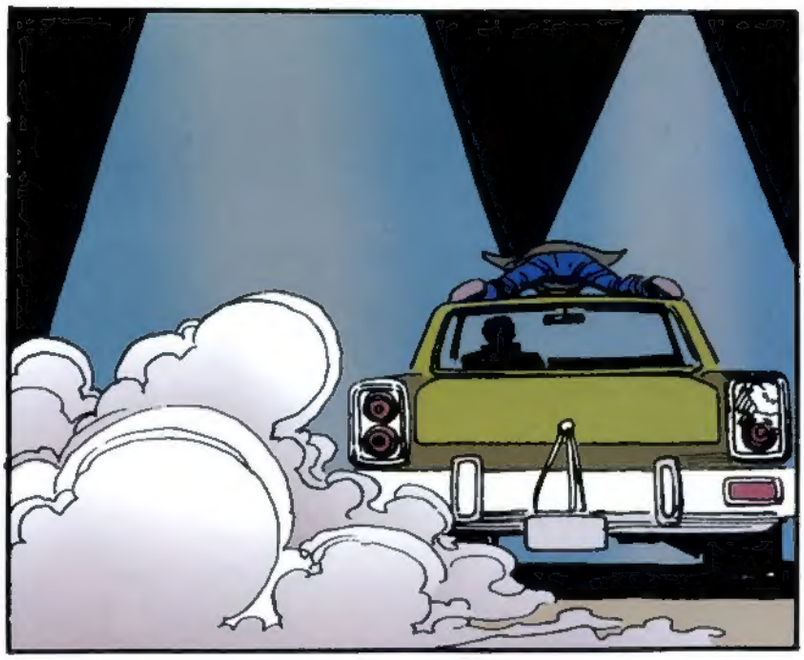
"Ralf."
"Johnny, what's up?"
"Well--you know that addendum that Frank sent me--y'know, the 'Elektra' stuff?"
"Yeah?"
"Well, I thumbnailed it out, and it's ninety pages!"
"NINETY--not too bad. We've had some novels go 84 pages so I guess we could..."
"Ralf! Shut up. THE ADDENDUM IS NINETY PAGES!"
"What?"
"Yeah!"
"Oh boy."
"Oh boy? Is that all you can say, oh boy? An educated man like you, oh boy?"
"What do you want me to say? What do you want me to do?"
"I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING TO DO--LOOK FOR A BOMB SHELTER--AND TELL FRANK 'CAUSE HE'S NEXT!!"
"Down, boy, can you handle this?"
"Yeah... I guess... I can drop IRON MAN and DAREDEVIL for a while, and I'll just work on this. Then I'll put on my cape and tights and my big red 'S'--no problem."
"Yeah right. Bye, Johnny."
"Bye."



"Johnny."
"Johnny?"
"Uhhhnnn..."
"Johnny, it's Ralf!"
"Uhhhnnn..."
"Johnny, the pages look great, only fifty more to go--it's great!! Johnny?"



"Ralf?"
"Johnny--what's up?"
"Where the hell is Frank!?!"
"I don't know--last I heard he was working on ROBO II--he wrote the screenplay y'know!"
"SCREENPLAY--HE'S WRITING A *&#@@*% MOVIE!?!"
"Yup."
"Yeah, but Ralf--this is important! This is not some cheap sequel--this is my novel--this is important! I've been done for months! 144 pages of work! I killed myself on this..."
"Yeah, I know, but he's 'incommunicado'."
"Where's that--in Texas?"
"Uhhnn."
"If he doesn't write those pages soon..."
"You'll blow up his house?"
"No--his car--he's a Californian--he's always in his car!"
"Uh, right, bye!"
"Bye."



"Johnny."
"Yeah."
"It's Ralf--it's in--the script is in! Joe is lettering as we speak--Al is ready and willing, so is Christie--it's on the schedule--we're done! We're there!!--one thing, though, we're gonna break it up into 5 parts, first, so we'll need some cover sketches and covers and some splashes and a byline by you, of course, whaddaya think?"
(pause)
"Johnny?--Johnny!"
"Oh God, Pat--I think he's dead--I think we killed him--oh God!!"
"No, Ralf, I'm okay--I'm just reading these detonator directions."

JR JR
circa 1993

JR JR
&
AW

This book has been dedicated in memory of DOM 'MICKEY' ROMITA brother and uncle

1936-1993

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